For this,the fooliſh ouer-carefull fathers
Haue broke their ſleepe with thoughts,
Their braines with care,their bones with induſtry:
For this they haue ingroſſed and pilld vp,
The cankred heapes of ſtrange atcheeued gold:
For this they haue beene thoughtfull to inueſt
Their ſonnes with arts and martiall exerciſes,
When like the bee toling from euery flower,
Our thigh,packt with waxe our mouthes with hony,
We bring it to the hiue:and like the bees,
Are murdred for our paines,this bitter taſte
Yeelds his engroſſements to the ending father,
Now where is he that will not ſtay ſo long,
Till his friend ſickneſſe hands determind me. *Enter Warwicke.*
War. My Lord,I found the prince in the next roome,
Waſhing with kindly teares, his gentle cheekes,
VVith ſuch a deepe demeanour in great ſorrow,
That tyranny,which neuer quaft but bloud,
VVould by beholding him,haue waſht his knife,
VVith gentle eie-drops,hee is comming hither. *Enter Harry.*
King But wherefore did he take away the crowne?
Loe where he comes,come hither to me Harry,
Depart the chamber,leaue vs here alone. *exeunt.*
Harry I neuer thought to heare you ſpeake againe.
King Thy wiſh was father (Harry,)to that thought
I ſtay too long by thee,I weary thee,
Doſt thou ſo hunger for mine emptie chaire,
That thou wilt needes inueſt thee with my honors,
Before thy howre be ripe!O fooliſh youth,
Thou ſeekſt the greatneſſe that will ouerwhelme thee,
Stay but a little, for my clowd of dignity
Is held from falling with ſo weake a wind,
That it will quickly drop:my day is dim,
Thou haſt ſtolne that,which after ſome few houres,
VVere thine,without offence,and at my death,
Thou haſt ſeald vp my expectation,

Thy